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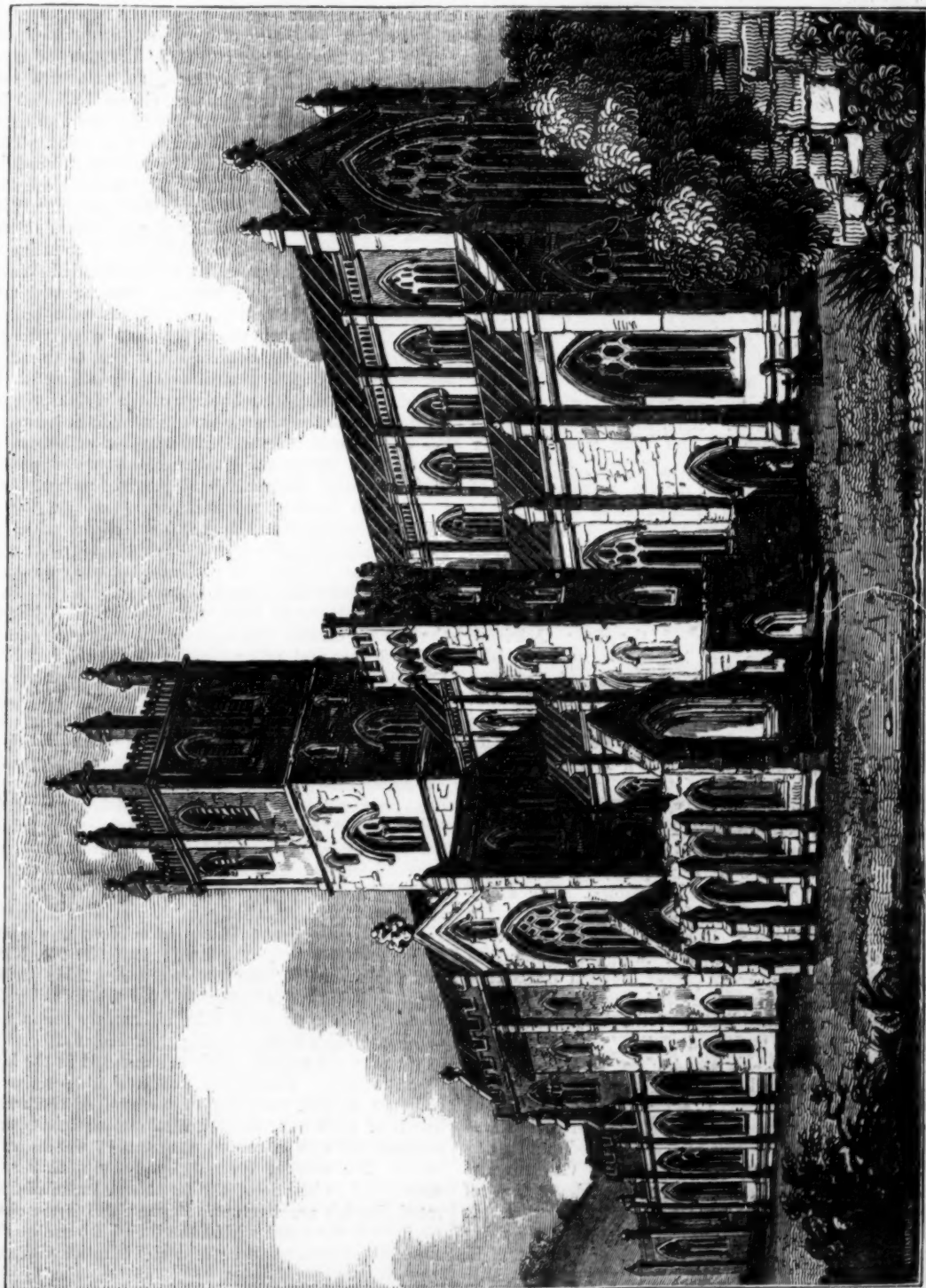
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UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION
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THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. DAVID'S, PEMBROKESHIRE.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. DAVID.

THE early history of St. David's is involved in much obscurity: several historians have described it as occupying the site of the Roman station, *Menapia*; but from the absence at the modern city of all military works, or other Roman relics, it appears more probable that the site of *Menapia* was nearer the sea, on a sandy tract called "the Burrows," now covered by that element, which has made considerable encroachments on this part of the coast.

That the district now comprising the parish of St. David's was inhabited at a very early period, is, however, beyond dispute, from the numerous Druidical remains with which it abounds. In the fifth century it was called by the Welsh *Mynyw*, or *Manyw*, being probably a compound of the words *Man* and *Yw*, signifying *small yew trees*, which trees were formerly very numerous in the vicinity; and hence its Roman name *Menevia*, which is still retained in the title of the bishop, who is called *Episcopus Menevensis*.

The history of the present city commences with that of the saint whose name it bears, and to whom its origin is ascribed. The period of St. David's birth, a subject of much discussion amongst the learned, appears to have been somewhat later than the middle of the fifth century. Leland relates that he was baptized by *Elveus*, bishop of *Menevia*, and brought up by *Gistilianus*, his uncle, also bishop of the same place, which would prove it to have been an episcopal see, at least some years before David had arrived at maturity. After his admission to the priesthood, for which he had long studied under *Paulinus* in the Isle of Wight, he proceeded to instruct his countrymen in the great truths of Christianity, and to aid in extirpating the *Pelagian Heresy*, which first took root among his native hills. In these apostolic labours he displayed such unwearied zeal, and surpassing ability, that he was elected by his disciples, at a grand synod held at *Llandewi-Brevi*, in the county of Cardigan, to the archbishopric of *Cuerleon*, in the place of the holy *Dubricius*, whose increasing age and infirmities rendered him incapable of sustaining the labours of the see. David, however, only accepted it on condition that he should be allowed to remove the metropolitan see from *Cuerleon* to *Menevia*, at which latter place St. Patrick had already founded a monastery, held by David in great esteem. This was accordingly done by the consent of David's nephew, the renowned King Arthur, and *Menevia* was afterwards called by his countrymen, in respect to his memory, *Tŷ Dewi*, "the house of David," or, "St. David's," which name it has ever since retained. The archiepiscopal jurisdiction of David extended over the dioceses of Worcester, Hereford, Bangor, Llandaff, St. Asaph, Llanbadarn, and Margam. The first two became at an early period English bishoprics, and the two last being dissolved, the succeeding primates had only the bishops of the three remaining Welsh dioceses as suffragans.

The death of David, and the age he attained, are involved in as much obscurity as his birth. Most ancient writers, however, agree in stating that he reached the advanced age of 147 years. He was interred in the Cathedral he had founded, and many years after was canonized by Pope Calixtus the Second; but he attained not the distinction of patron saint of Wales, until a much later period. It were superfluous to relate sundry legends attaching to his birth and early years, which may be found in many of the old chroniclers; they are too palpably drawn from the regions of fiction to merit a place among the memorials of the saint.

St. David's suffered repeatedly from the incursions of the Danes. In 982, during the reign of Howel ap Jevav, Geoffrydh, son of the Danish king Harold, laid waste the church of St. David and its possessions; and towards the close of the same century, the Danes again landed, slew Bishop Morgenau, and destroyed with fire and sword the inhabitants and their property. The reigning sovereign, being unable to check the progress of these marauders, was compelled to purchase their departure by paying them a tribute of one penny for every man in his dominions, commonly called "the Tribute of the Black Army," and is said to have died of grief in consequence.

But notwithstanding repeated disasters of this description, the city rapidly increased in wealth and magnificence, for which it was chiefly indebted to the many and rich offerings of the pilgrims who came thronging to the shrine of the patron saint. Two pilgrimages to this far-famed shrine were deemed as meritorious as one to Rome*. The annual amount of these largesses is said to have been so great, that the coin was divided among the members of the chapter by measure, to save the labour of counting it.

In 1077 William the Conqueror invaded Wales with a powerful army; but not meeting with any opposition from the natives, he, with his usual policy, changed his military expedition into a pilgrimage, and advanced at the head of his troops to this city, where he offered his devotions at the shrine of St. David, and received the homage of the Welch princes. It again fell three several times under the scourge of the Danish and Norman invaders, and at length, in the reign of Henry the First, a Norman ecclesiastic, of the name of Bernard, having been forcibly raised to the See by that monarch, in opposition to the wishes of the Welsh clergy, it was deprived of its archiepiscopal dignity, and its bishops, together with those of the other Welsh dioceses, became suffragans of the metropolitan See of *Caterbury*.

In 1180 Peter de Leia, then bishop, pulled down the ancient church, which, from the frequent assaults of the Danes and other piratical invaders, had been reduced almost to a ruin, and built upon the site a new church, dedicated, like the former, to St. Andrew and St. David, and which constitutes the greater part of the present edifice. This Cathedral is a cruciform structure, consisting of a nave, with aisles extending nearly the whole length of the building, a choir and chancel, north and south transepts, and a large square tower, of elegant proportions, rising from the intersection of the nave and transepts, and surmounted by pinnacles at the angles. The exterior, with the exception of an early Norman doorway on the north side, is wholly in the various styles of English architecture. The western front was rebuilt towards the close of the last century by Mr. Nash, and displays a fantastic intermixture of these various styles. The nave is separated from the aisles by five massive pillars on each side, alternately round and octagonal, with corresponding pilasters at either end, supporting six arches, richly ornamented in the later Norman style; above which is a double series of Norman arches, reaching to the roof of the nave; this is of Irish oak, divided into compartments, and ornamented with a carved pendant in the centre of each. The screen, erected by Bishop Gower, is considered to be one of the finest specimens of decorated English architecture. Beyond this is the choir, occupying the space within the four lofty arches that support the tower, three of which are English, but

* "Roma semel quantum, bis dat Menevia tantum," is the old verse quoted in confirmation of this custom. It may be rendered, "As much as Rome grants for one visit, Menevia grants for two."

the fourth, which is occupied by the rood-loft and screen above named, is Norman, and is supposed, from its dilapidated condition, to be the only one remaining of those upon which the tower was originally built by Peter de Leia. The chancel, which is separated from the choir by a low screen, contains a beautiful Mosaic pavement, inscribed with religious mottoes and other devices. Immediately beyond the altar-screen is a chapel, erected by Bishop Vaughan, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, almost rivalling in richness and elegance the Chapel of Henry the Seventh in Westminster Abbey*. The Chapel of the Virgin occupies the extreme east of the cathedral; it has been unroofed for some years, and is rapidly falling into decay. In the same condition are the aisles eastward from the transepts, which were greatly damaged by Cromwell's soldiers, those merciless spoilers of our most venerable and sacred edifices, who unroofed them for the sake of the lead, which they sold to one of their partisans, then in possession of the priory estate at Cardigan, who employed them in covering the church and priory-house there.

The dimensions of the cathedral are as follow:—

Extreme length, including the chapels	274½ feet.
Breadth along the transepts	184 "
Width of nave and aisles	76 "

Among the monuments are several of great beauty and antiquity. The celebrated shrine of St. David, now scarcely distinguishable from other ancient tombs, occupies a recess on the north side of the chancel, consisting of three arches, in the ancient style of English architecture, resting on pillars of great delicacy and elegance, in the central one of which formerly stood an image of the Saint, those on either side being occupied by figures of St. Patrick and St. Denis. Beneath a horizontal slab were four quatrefoil holes, for the offerings of pilgrims, of which two have been closed; and the whole was formerly enriched with precious stones, and veiled with silken drapery.

Under recesses on each side of the altar are the monuments of *Rhys ap Gruffydd*, the last Prince of South Wales, who died in 1196, and of his son *Rhys Gryg*. The effigy of the former represents a man advanced in years, in a recumbent posture, his vizor raised, and his head supported by a helmet, with a sword suspended at his side by a rich belt, a lion rampant sculptured on his breast-plate, and another lion supporting his feet. His elegy, translated from the Welsh, in *HIGDEN'S Polychronicon*, conveys a curious illustration of the rhapsodies of their ancient bards.

"O blysse of battayle! Chylde of chyvalry! Defence of countree! Worschyppe of armes.—The noble dyadame of fayrnesse of Wales is now fallen, that is, Rees is deed! All Wales groneth Rees is deed.—The enemy is here, for Rees is not here.—Now Wales helpith not itself, Rees is deed and taken away; but his noble name is not deed, for it is always newe in the worlde wyde.—His prowessse passed his maners,—his wytte passed his prowessse,—his fayre speche passed his wytte,—his good thewes passed his fayre speche."

THE BISHOP'S PALACE: see p. 80.

Another venerable, though less ancient building, is THE PALACE, erected by Bishop Gower, in the reign of Edward the Third. This building, together with that of the adjoining college, both of which are in ruins, presents a most impressive and picturesque appearance. "On entering the close," says Sir R. Hoare, "through a fine octagon gateway, they unexpectedly burst upon the sight, and form a *coup d'œil* which cannot fail to excite the surprise and admiration of even the most indifferent spectator." The palace

seems originally to have formed a quadrangle, two sides of which only now remain. The bishops occupied the eastern apartments. On the southern side of this quadrangle is a magnificent apartment, 96 feet by 33, commonly called King John's Hall, which is entered from the court by an elegant porch, on the exterior of which are two niches, containing mutilated statues of Edward the Third and his Queen. It is lighted by lofty windows at the side, and a rich and curious circular window at the south-west end, formerly filled with painted glass. The eastern side of the quadrangle was "entirely appropriated to the bishop, whose hall was 67 feet by 25, and was approached by a handsome porch and flight of steps from the court, having at the north end a large drawing-room, and beyond that a chapel leading to the porter's lodge. At the south end of the bishop's hall was the kitchen, of a very curious and unique construction; it was an oblong square, 36 feet by 28, with a low pillar in the centre, from which sprung four groins, forming circular divisions, each division gradually lessening, funnel-wise, into a chimney, and including every culinary convenience on an immense scale; it was so contrived and placed, as to answer the suite of royal apartments as well as the bishop's, having doors into each†." This front of the palace runs parallel to the little river Alun, which crosses the close from north to south; but the most remarkable feature of these interesting ruins is the majestic open parapet, surmounting the walls, and which, rising to the height of seven feet above the ceilings of the upper rooms, is formed by a succession of arches, resting upon octagonal pillars with decorated capitals: besides its concealing the roof, and having been exceedingly ornamental to the palace, it afforded the means of defence similar to the battlements of a castle, and was adopted by the same bishop in his residences of Swansea Castle and Lamphey Court.

This noble building is indebted for its destruction, to Bishop Barlow, who succeeded to the see in 1535. He presided over it thirteen years; during which, in order (as it is said by Browne Willis) successively to provide for his five daughters, who were married to five bishops, he greatly impoverished it, even unroofing the Episcopal Palace for the sake of the lead, and thus occasioning so much damage to that magnificent structure, as to require the revenue of the see for twelve years to repair it; but this object was never attempted, so that now it presents a vast and imposing pile of ruins.

Robert Farrar, Barlow's successor, was, on the accession of Mary, burned as a heretic at Carmarthen, in 1555. The names of Laud, Bull, Lowth, and Horsley, among the succeeding bishops (the latter of whom was the 115th in succession from David,) need but be mentioned, to establish the claim of St. David's to number amongst her bishops many of our most eminent, and learned divines.

We make no apology for adding the following anecdote, connected with the spot; in the words of the ancient chronicler, Giraldus Cambrensis, "In clear weather, the mountains of Ireland are visible from hence, (i. e. from the Cathedral,) and the passage over the Irish Sea may be performed in one short day; on which account William, the son of William the Bastard, and the second of the Norman kings in England, who was called Rufus, and who had penetrated far into Wales, on seeing Ireland from these rocks, is reported to have said, I will summon hither all the ships of my realm, and with them make a bridge to attack that country." Which speech being related to

* See *Saturday Magazine* Vol. IV., p. 210.

† *Farrar's Pembrokeshire*

Marchard, Prince of Leinster, he paused awhile, and answered, 'Did the king add to this mighty threat, *If God please?*' And being informed that he had made no mention of God in his speech, rejoicing in such a prognostic, he replied, 'Since that man trusts in human, not divine power, I fear not his coming.' "

The city of St. David's, exclusive of "the Close," is pleasantly situated on ground sloping gently towards the sea, and at the distance of one mile from it; it consisted formerly of five streets, but is now reduced in appearance to a mere village, the houses, with very few exceptions, besides those of the clergy, being small and meanly built. N. P. S.

[Chiefly abridged from Lewis's *Topographical Dictionary*.]

PROVERBS V.

46. *What's bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh.*

It has been well observed, that *habit becomes a second nature*. And this, with the proverb quoted above, by showing us the difficulty of overcoming evil habits, may do something towards checking them in the beginning. How solemn is the inference of the prophet! *Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil.*—Jerem. xiii., 23. As the bough of a tree bent from its usual course returns to its old position as soon as the force by which it had yielded is removed; so do men return to their old habits as soon as the motives, whether of interest or fear, which had influenced them, are done away. "Nature," says Lord Bacon, "is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished. Let not a man trust his victory over his nature too far; for nature will lie buried a great time, and yet revive upon the occasion or temptation; like as it was with Esop's damsel, turned from a cat to a woman, who sat very demurely at the board's end till a mouse ran before her." The same philosopher gives the following admirable caution:—"A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other."

47. *BETTER a little fire that warms, than mickle that burns.*

"One may be very uneasy with a plentiful fortune, and as happy in an humble condition, for it is the mind that makes us either the one or the other. A plain, an honest, and a temperate industry, contents itself with a little. And who would not rather sleep quietly upon a hammock, without either cares in his head, or crudities in his stomach, than lie upon a bed of state with the qualms and twinges that accompany surfeit and excess?" *Far from Jupiter, far from the thunder.* Agur's prayer (Prov. xxx. 8, 9.) is a continual lecture to him that covets more than enough. Socrates, passing through the markets, cried, *How much is here I do not want! That suit is best that fits me best*, says an English adage, and one of our own poets has agreeably depicted the comforts of content:—

The best and fairest house to me,
Is that where best I love to be.

They are not houses builded large and high,
Ceil'd all with gold, and paved with porphyry,
Hung round with arras, glazed with crystal-glass,
And covered o'er with plates of shining brass,
Which are the *best*; but rather those where we
In safety, health, and best content may be,
And where we find, though in a mean estate,
That portion which maintains a quiet fate.

G. WITHER, 1635.

48. *BETTER half a loaf than no bread.*

This is a self-evident, but not less useful truth. The following, however, which conveys much the same meaning, is more obscure, and furnishes some amusement in the act of understanding it; *he that has but one eye sees the BETTER for it*. The next is similar;

49. *A man were BETTER be half blind than have both his eyes out.*

And the experience of many has proved, that

50. *A BAD bush is better than the open field.*

That is, says Ray, it's better to have any, though a bad friend or relation, (one who can do little or nothing for us), than to be quite destitute and exposed to the wide world.

51. *Small BIRDS must be fed.*

Which Ray thus explains:—Children must be fed, they cannot be maintained with nothing. It may teach proper economy for the sake of a family either in existence, or expected.

52. *BETTER say, Here it is, nor (than) Here it was.*—Scotch.

Another lesson of decent frugality.

53. *BETTER lose a jest than a friend.*

Wit is always misplaced, and often injurious when uttered at the expense of another's feelings. It is a misfortune to some persons to possess a quick sense of the facetious, and a talent at repartee. We would, therefore, under the form of a proverb, appeal to their judgment and humanity, in which they are frequently not deficient, to check the light or unkind remark ere it rises to the lips. The Arabian maxim pithily says, *Let not your tongue cut your throat*. If the happy conceit must be formed, it will be a good discipline of the mind to curb it and make it subside within; or to treat it as we have been told to serve a cucumber,—namely, to give it the pepper, and salt, and acid, and then to *throw it out of window*; that, is *rather to lose a jest than a friend; for He who makes others afraid of his wit, had need to be afraid of their memories*.

As Sir Edward —, who hoped for something at court, was walking with his arms folded under Queen Elizabeth's window, she asked, What a man thinks of when he thinks of nothing? Sir Edward, who had hitherto been disappointed about a grant from the queen, looked up and answered, Madam, he thinks of a woman's promise. The queen drew in her head, and was heard to say, "Sir Edward, I must not confuse you! Anger makes men witty, but it keeps them poor." One more anecdote; "I knew," says Bacon, "two noblemen of the west part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but ever kept royal cheer in his house; the other would ask of those that had been at the table—'Tell truly, was there never a flout, or dry blow given?' To which the guest would answer 'Such and such a thing passed.' The nobleman would say, 'I thought he would mar a good dinner.' Discretion of speech is more than eloquence."

54. *An idle BRAIN is the devil's workshop.*

We need not enlarge much on this expressive sentence. It is clear that all have something given them to do. Youth ought to be employed in qualifying themselves for the service of their country, or their friends, or for earning their future maintenance; and not only so, but idleness, in any person, is inconsistent with the Christian character, exposing him to many temptations to do evil. There is an old saying, *The idle are seldom virtuous*; and *Idleness is the parent of beggary*; and Bishop Sanderson observes, "Idle gentlemen and idle beggars are the very pests of the state."

55. *Every BEAN hath its black.*

Where on earth can we meet with an entirely perfect character? Socrates being asked, Who was the wisest man? answered, He that offends least.

It is a good horse that never stumbles. And he, who has no cause for self-reproof, is indeed an admirable being, "A faultless monster that the world ne'er saw."

Let the proverb remind us, (for we have higher and inspired teaching to the same effect; to be humble, to take heed as to ourselves, and to be cautious and tender in censuring the conduct of a neighbour. *Lay your hand often upon your own heart, and you will not speak ill of others*).

56. *BEAUTY is a blossom.*

A wholesome memento to the beautiful and vain. But let not this proverb, and the following, which is like it, give a false pleasure to the plain and envious;

57. *BEAUTY is but skin deep;*

For it is often deeper: *the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit*, proving, in such a case, the consent of body and mind. And we have, in an ancient classic writer,

"Virtue is fairer in a form that's fair."

As a sad contrast to this is a French saying,—

58. *Fie upon youth and BEAUTY not set off with humility.*

And the remark of the chief of satirists, who, however, wrote in the worst times of imperial Rome, is,—

"For rarely do we meet in one combined,

A beauteous body, and a virtuous mind."—Juv. Sat. x.

By way of illustration, we will give an old fable "There was a plantation of trees that were all fair and

well-grown, except one dwarf among them, knotty and crooked, which the rest had in derision. The master of the wood wanted to build a house, and ordered his men to cut down out of that grove every stick that they found fit for service. They did so, and the poor despised little tree was alone spared from the axe."

59. *'Tis BETTER the dog be your friend than your foe.*

This is a Dutch saying. It has much of policy and worldly wisdom in it. And the author of *A grey cap for a green head*, in following it up thus advises us; "Injure no man: the meanest person may, once in seven years, have an opportunity of doing you much good or harm. Though we have a thousand friends, we may lack more, but one enemy is too much." Let the proverb, however, be read in an enlarged and Christian sense, and in the charitable spirit of the Apostle's exhortation. *If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.*—Rom. xii. 18. M.

A FIGHT OF WILD BEASTS.

A TROOPER's horse and a bull were turned out, and soon after were let loose a lion, and a tiger, and a bear, and a wolf, kept hungry for the purpose. The tiger crawled along upon the ground like a cat, and first jumped upon the bull's back, which soon brought the bull down, and then the great scramble began, the beasts tearing the bull to pieces, and likewise one another. The wolf and the tiger were first despatched. The lion and the bear had a long contest. The lion, with his teeth and with his claws, wounded the bear in several places, but could not penetrate much further than the skin. The bear, somehow or other, took the lion at an advantage, got him within his grasp, and gave him such a squeeze, as squeezed the breath out of his body. The bear then furiously attacked the trooper's horse, who was grazing all this while at a little distance, and not minding what was done; but the horse with his hind-legs gave him such a kick upon his ribs, as provoked him into tenfold fury; and at the second attack, a second kick upon his head broke both his jaws, and laid him dead upon the ground; so that, contrary to expectation, the trooper's horse remained master of the field.—NEWTON'S *Memoirs*.

This happened some years ago, at Berlin.

THE SOUFFLEUR.

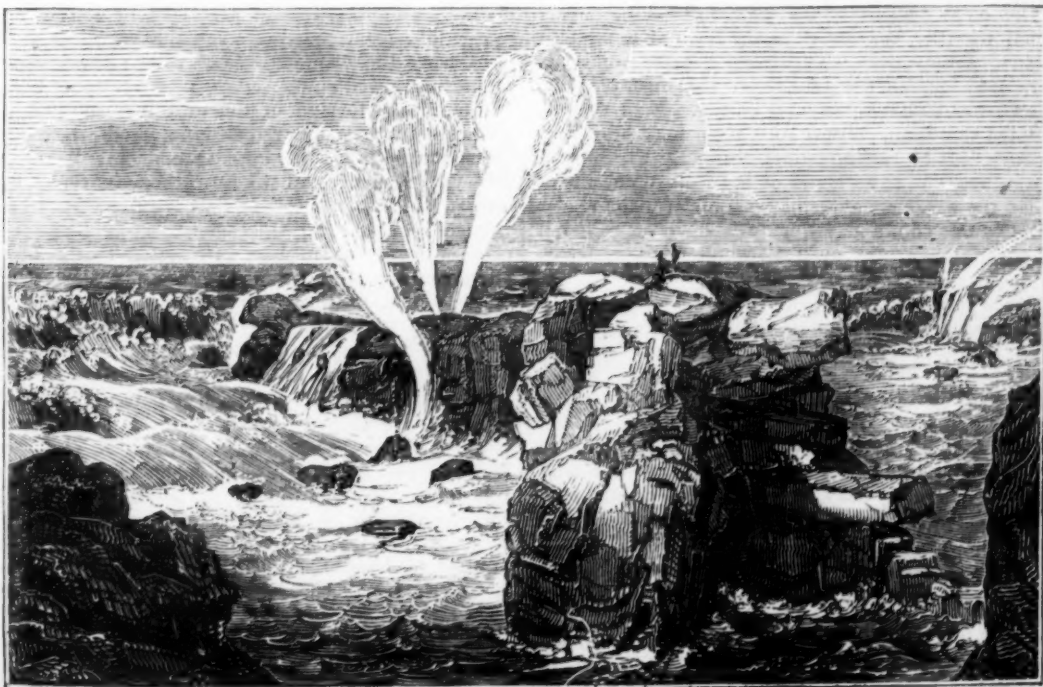
ON the south side of the Mauritius is a point, called THE SOUFFLEUR, from the following circumstance. A large mass of rock runs out into the

sea from the main-land, to which it is joined by a neck of rock not two feet broad. The constant beating of the tremendous swell which rolls in, has undermined it in every direction, till it has exactly the appearance of a Gothic building, with a number of arches in the centre of the rock, which is about thirty-five or forty feet above the sea; the water has forced two passages vertically upwards, which are worn as smooth and cylindrical as if cut by a chisel. When a heavy sea rolls in, it of course fills in an instant the hollow caverns underneath, and finding no other egress, and being borne in with tremendous violence, it rushes up these chimneys, and flies roaring furiously to a height of full sixty feet. The moment the wave recedes, the vacuum beneath causes the wind to rush into the two apertures with a loud humming noise, which is heard at a considerable distance.

My companion and I arrived there before high water, and having climbed across the neck of rock, we seated ourselves close to the chimneys, where I proposed making a sketch, and had just begun, when in came a thundering sea, which broke right over the rock itself, and drove us back much alarmed. Our Negro guide now informed us, that we must make haste to recross our narrow bridge, as the sea would get up as the tide rose. We lost no time, and got back dry enough; and I was obliged to make my sketches from the main-land.

In about three quarters of an hour the sight was truly magnificent. I do not exaggerate in the least when I say, that the waves rolled in, long and unbroken, full twenty-five feet high, till, meeting the headland, they broke clear over it, sending the spray flying over the main-land; while from the centre of this mass of foam, the Souffleur shot up with a noise which we afterwards heard distinctly between two and three miles off. Standing on the main cliff, more than a hundred feet above the sea, we were quite wet. All we wanted to complete the picture, was a large ship going ashore.

[*Journal of the Geographical Society.*]



THE SOUFFLEUR.

ON THE HISTORY OF WRITING.

MANY learned antiquaries have written upon the subject of speech. They have traced the different languages of the world to their parent tongues, and they have even attempted to decide, by comparing one language with another, from what country certain people originally came. The history of a language affords much information respecting the history of the people, and their gradual transition from rude barbarism, to the highest point of civilization and refinement. The art of writing, or the manner of transmitting and recording our ideas, is equally interesting; perhaps, equally important. We shall, therefore, offer a few remarks upon THE HISTORY OF WRITING.

The first substance used for writing upon was, probably, dry leaves! Virgil describes the Sibyl writing her prophecies in detached sentences, upon dry leaves, which were scattered by the wind when the door of the cave was opened. The next step towards paper, was the invention by the Egyptians of the papyrus; a substance made of reeds, growing upon the banks of the Nile. Brass, lead, wood, ivory, and wax, amongst numerous other things, have all been used for the same purpose. At length, parchment, or vellum, was invented, which, but for its great value, would have become the substance generally used: but it was so expensive, that persons were often reduced to the extremity of erasing some part of a work, to make room for their own writings. Cicero writing to his friend Trebatius, who had written to him on parchment which had been before used, betrays a fear that Trebatius had erased his letter, to save the expense of buying new parchment. By this practice we have lost many works of antiquity. Attempts have been made to rescue some of these writings from destruction, by examining all those manuscripts which are written upon parchment, from which something had been erased. Angelo Mai has succeeded in deciphering a part of Cicero's *Treatise on Republics*, which had been partially erased, in order to substitute St. Augustine's *Commentary on the Psalms*.

The most ancient books were formed of tablets joined together, very much in the form of a modern book. Afterwards, when more flexible materials were used, books were made in the form of rolls. The Greeks and Romans, and all the eastern nations adopted this form. These rolls must have been very inconvenient to manage while reading. There were two rollers, one at each end of the roll, round one of which the whole manuscript was folded: the reader unrolled one end, and as he proceeded, he rolled it upon the empty roller until the whole was transferred from one roller to the other.

Much important information upon the manners of the Romans has been obtained, as might be expected, from the discovery of two Roman cities, which had been hidden by the cinders thrown from Mount Vesuvius, by the eruption about the year A.D. 79; but little more is known upon the subject of their books and manner of writing, than was known before the excavations. Rolls of brittle material, eight inches long and about two inches in thickness, were frequently discovered by the workmen during the operations at Pompeii; but it was not at first known that these were books: upon examination, however, they proved to be rolls of papyrus glued together. At one end of most of them was a label, upon which was written the title of the work, and the author's name. Of these rolls, Camillo Paderni carried away three hundred and thirty-seven, which he collected from the rubbish during twelve days

which he passed among the ruins of Pompeii. The papyrus has become so brittle, in consequence of the heat of the ashes, that no one has yet succeeded, to any extent, in unrolling them. Piaggi, a monk, discovered a way of unrolling them, by putting thin slices of onion between the folds of the manuscript as he carefully separated them with a knife. This is the best contrivance which has yet been adopted, but it cannot be said to have been successful. After all the time and money which have been bestowed upon this object, it is to be regretted that so few works have been recovered. Some of these rolls are forty feet in length; many of them have been taken to the University of Cambridge, where they have remained many years, without any attempt having been made to unroll them.

The labour bestowed upon ancient manuscript books was immense. As they were intended to answer all the purposes of a modern printed book, their durability was of the greatest importance. The ancient copyists, therefore, paid great attention to the manufacture of their inks, as well as the parchment; in this art they were so successful, that most of the very ancient manuscripts which are now extant, are as legible, and the ink is as black and bright, as if they had been but just written. It is supposed that the ink owes this beautiful colour to the lamp-black. Some ink was found in a glass-bottle at Herculaneum, which was very thick and oily. It was owing, perhaps, to its glutinous nature, that the persons employed to take down the speeches delivered by the orators in the Forum, preferred writing on waxen tablets, which required a very slight touch to mark them. It would have been an operation almost laborious to write with such ink as this found at Herculaneum, and the writer would, therefore, have proceeded very slowly, and would not have been able to follow the speaker. There is one great objection to this ink; it does not enter sufficiently into the parchment, and is, therefore, easily obliterated. The Romans made inks of various colours; the emperors, in the later times, when wealth and luxury had destroyed the Empire, endeavoured to maintain an appearance of grandeur, by writing with purple ink. Materials more valuable were sometimes used, when the writings were of value; the works of Homer were written in letters of gold, upon a roll 120 feet long, formed of the intestines of serpents. The Hebrews also are remarkable for the beauty of their manuscripts; the letters are as evenly formed as it would be possible to form them in type; it is almost impossible to believe that they can have been written by a pen. All the eastern nations make their pens of reeds, which were well suited to the broad character of their writing; these reeds are brought from the East to Europe, and are used by the scholars in eastern literature; they are still used by many people in the East at this day. Reeds were used by other nations also. Pens made of them were discovered during the excavations at Pompeii; they are cut like a quill-pen, except that the nib is much broader. When waxen tablets were used, they were written upon by a stylus, an instrument pointed at one end to form the letters, the other end being flat, for the purpose of erasing them by flattening the wax. Hence Horace uses the phrase, "to turn the stylus," for correcting what had been written. Some of the richest of the Romans made use of a silver stylus.

It is not known where the first large library was made; perhaps in Egypt. It has been thought that the collection of the copies of the Scriptures, the public records and theological works, which the

Jews preserved with so much care, suggested the idea to the Egyptians, who formed libraries in imitation of them, but upon the same gigantic scale upon which they executed every thing which they undertook. The library at Alexandria was the largest ever made before the invention of printing; perhaps larger than any made even since that invention. It was at first intended to collect for the king's use, such books only as treated of civil government; but it was not likely that a king, who would be at the trouble of collecting works to enable him to exercise, for the happiness of his people, the vast power which the kings of Egypt possessed, would confine his knowledge within such bounds. He therefore ordered that all books brought into Egypt should be seized, and placed in his library, and copies of them made for the owners. Sometimes money was also given, to make compensation for the loss of the originals; succeeding kings followed the example of the founder. Ptolemy Evergetes having seized copies of the works of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, caused copies of them, and a sum of fifteen thousand crowns, to be given to the person from whom they were taken. In this way was the Alexandrian Library increased, until it contained the amazing number of seven hundred thousand volumes; a number almost incredible, when it is considered that all these were manuscript. A large number of copyists were kept at the library. This was the library of the University of Alexandria, to which all the learned men of the age resorted. It is the Caliph Omar to whom we are indebted for the loss of this vast pyramid of books. His manner of reasoning and deciding upon the fate of this library is known to all, and shows more regard for his Koran than love of literature; it was devoted to the purpose of heating the public baths of the city, which it supplied with fuel for nearly six months.

It was here also that the Bible was translated into Greek. The king having heard that the Jews had a book, containing the laws of Moses, was desirous of having a work on his favourite subject, which the Jews held to be of divine origin; he, therefore, sent a message to Jerusalem to ask for a copy. Various statements have been made, as to the manner in which the translation was effected. The number of translators employed, and the time occupied in completing it, have not yet been determined. It was placed in the king's library, and has always been esteemed a most valuable version of the Bible. A manuscript copy of this version, wanting a few chapters in different parts of the New Testament, is now in the King's Library, at the British Museum; it is supposed to have been written about the third or fourth century.

Another curious specimen of ancient books, though of comparatively modern date, is the book upon which Henry the First, and several succeeding English kings, took the coronation oath. It is a manuscript copy of the Gospels, beautifully written upon vellum. It was originally bound in two oak boards, nearly an inch thick, joined together at the back with straps of leather. There are large pieces of brass on the corners. On one cover is a large double gilt crucifix, which was kissed by the king on his taking the oath.

The monks were the only persons who preserved the few ancient books which the barbarians, during their irruptions into Italy, had not had time to destroy. In every monastery a room was set apart for the express purpose of making copies of books, and, but for the persevering industry of the monks, we should have been almost unacquainted with the works of Greece and Rome.

The art of printing, which was invented a little before the dissolution of the monasteries, and which, indeed, greatly hastened their fall, made a great change in the state of literature. From the time when Rome first began to rise to eminence in literature, until it was taken by the Goths, the great body of the people had advanced but little in knowledge; the high price of books putting them out of the reach of all but the richest citizens. Learning was therefore the happiness of a few; but immediately after the invention of printing, books began to be circulated through all the countries in Europe: and people have gradually become more civilized and enlightened. The increasing demand for books, has reduced the price of them so much, that there are few who cannot afford to have a small number at least. The beauties of Grecian and Roman literature were but little known, and consequently little valued, by the Grecians and Romans themselves. But now, a person might buy a copy of nearly all that has descended to us of ancient literature for the price which a single copy of Euripides, or Horace, would have cost at the time that these poets lived.

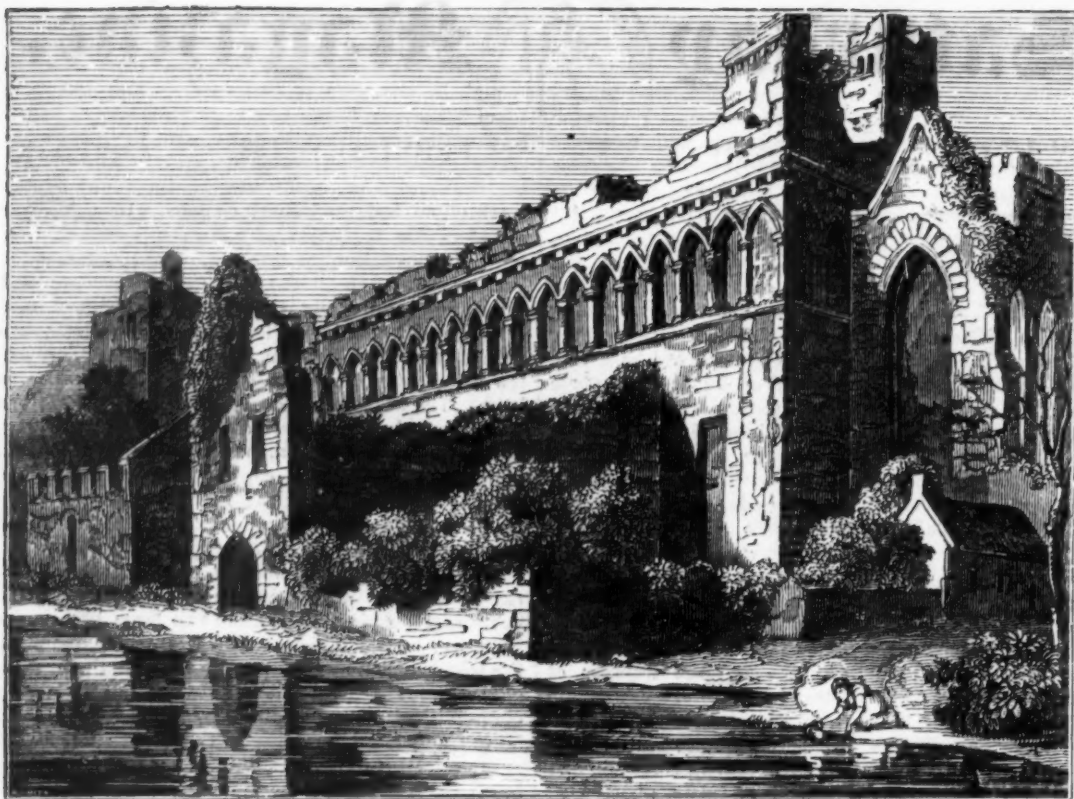
There are a great number of very extensive libraries in Europe. Every college has a library. Italy has many libraries. There are two large libraries in Florence, one of which is called after the name of the wonderful man who passed his life there, Magliabechi. This man was born in 1633, and, having distinguished himself by the extent of his reading, he was appointed librarian to the grand duke. He never travelled more than a few miles from Florence, living entirely among his books. His acquaintance was sought by all the learned in Europe, who were sure of obtaining from this man information on any branch of learning which they might study. There were few books, with the contents of which he was not fully acquainted, his memory being as tenacious, as his reading was extensive. It is reported that he repeated from memory, the contents of a manuscript which had been lost, and which he thus restored to the world. The Magliabechian library contains 130,000 volumes, including 11,000 manuscripts.

There is another library at Florence made by the Medici, which contains many valuable manuscripts, which are secured by chains. Among them was a copy of Virgil's works, written upon vellum, with notes by the Consul Apronianus: it has been removed, and is now lost.

The Universities in England have libraries of great extent; there are also noble collections of books both in manuscript and type, attached to many of the ancient cathedrals in this kingdom. The library at the British Museum contains a large number of manuscripts, besides printed volumes, and was presented to the public by George the Second. And a few years since, that great depository of the treasures of literature and science received an inestimable accession by the munificent and truly royal gift of a library presented to the nation by King George the Fourth.

THERE is nothing more odious, than fruitless old age. Now, (for that no tree bears fruit in autumn, unless it blossoms in the spring,) to the end that my age may be profitable, and laden with fruit, I will endeavour, that my youth may be studious, and flowered with the blossoms of learning and observation.—BISHOP HALL.

We let our friends pass idly, like our time,
Till they are lost, and then we see our crime!
We think what worth in them might have been known,
What duties done, what kind affections shown:
Untimely knowledge! bought at heavy cost,
When what we might have better used, is lost



RUINS OF THE BISHOP'S PALACE, AT ST. DAVID'S.

ON KEEPING A *HORTUS SICCUS*,

OR BOOK FOR PRESERVING DRIED PLANTS.

SPRING is at hand, and the flowers of the field will soon be lifting up their heads, and opening their beautiful blossoms to the cheering sun-beams. They seem to call upon us to look at, and admire them; and why should we not, for He who knew all things has told us, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." To study, therefore, their habits, and watch their progress, is a delightful task, which we would recommend to all, for assuredly the more they are examined, and their ways of life and growth inquired into, the more will the inquirer be led to acknowledge, that "wonderful are the works of God, and that in wisdom hath he made them all."

With this view, we shall call the attention of our youthful readers more especially to the subject, and urge them to make collections of wild plants and flowers, by which their daily walks may be made sources of amusement and instruction. To enable them to derive additional as well as more lasting interest from the pursuit, we would recall their attention to the mode of forming an *Herbarium*, or collection of dried plants, given in vol. iv., p. 107, of the *Saturday Magazine*, by which simple process, some of the most valuable collections of dried plants have been preserved.

As a means of leading young people to a knowledge of plants, and exciting them to make collections in their own neighbourhood, prizes have been offered to the scholars of a National School in the country, for the best set of dried specimens, gathered and dried in the course of the year.

E. S.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

IN the retired villages of our land, the pastor is often the only resident raised above the lowest rank of society. In such a situation, he becomes a source of civilization and refinement to those around him. His simple and unpretending, yet more polished manners; his mansion, with its modest ornaments; his garden, tended and decked by the hand of taste, these impart some relish for improvement among his poorer and ruder neighbours. But further, he is ever at hand to relieve, to instruct, to advise, and to console his flock. His purse, scanty as it often is, administers to their temporal wants; and he is yet more their benefactor by organizing and conducting plans more systematically formed for their relief. His influence may arrest the heavy arm, or soften the hard heart that would oppress them. His superior knowledge guides them through difficulties, where no other friend is near to give them counsel. His authority composes their little feuds and jealousies. His words of sympathy and consolation soothe their distresses. His vigilant eye marks their first deviations from rectitude, and brings back the yet unhardened and reclaimable transgressor into the path of innocence. Even in their bodily ailments, his simple science, and his yet simpler store of medicine may arrest the progress of disease and avert death. And as the Reformation has repealed the unscriptural rule, which made celibacy compulsory on the clergy, he is, in the great majority of instances, aided by a partner, whose co-operation is by so much the more valuable, as her habits qualify her for every task of gentleness and mercy, more especially when she has to deal with the sick or the afflicted, the ignorant or the vicious, of her own sex.—DEAN OF CHICHESTER.